

FIGHTER PILOT'S TOAST

Here's to me in my sober mood
 when I ramble, sit, and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
 when I gamble, sin, and drink.

But when my flying days are over
 and from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down
 so the world can kiss my ass!

TOAST TO THOSE THAT FLY

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our comrades have gone

So stand with your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
We'll drink to those who are living
And hurrah for the next man to die!

SAMMY SMALL

Oh my name is Sammy Small, fuck em all
Ch my name is Sammy Small, fuck em all
Ch my name is Sammy Small and I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all - fuck em all

They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
They say I've killed a man, fuck em all
I hit him in the head with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fucker's dead - fuck em all

They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing, fuck em all
They say I've got to swing from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing - fuck em all

The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come, fuck em all
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove em up his bung - fuck em all

The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask, fuck em all
The hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass - fuck em all

The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The sheriff will be there too, fuck em all
The sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew
They have fuck all else to do - fuck em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud - FUCK EM ALL

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns was the queen of all the acrobats
She could do the tricks that would give the cat the shits
Roll green peas from her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
A great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me
Hair around her ass like the branches of a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Roll a barrel, drive a truck
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me. (My bloody ass)

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There was a young maiden named Adeline Schmidt
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine wrapped in a glass
Up went the window and out went her ass.

Chorus: It was brown shit falling down
Brown brown shit all around
It was brown brown shit falling down
My God how that poor girl could shit

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so bashful he looked up so shy
When a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

CHORUS

This handsome young copper he cussed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
And on Brooklyn Bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign round his neck saying, "Blinded by Shit"

It was brown brown shit falling down
Brown brown shit all around
It was brown brown shit falling down
His life it was ruined by shit

STYLES

There are styles that show the ankle
There are styles that show the knee
There are styles that have the boys all wondering
Just what the girls are gonna let us see
There are styles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of men alone can see
But the style that Eve wore in the garden
Is the style that appeals to me.

OH RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Oh rip the feathers away away
Oh rip the feathers away
Oh the ass of a duck
Makes a wonderful fuck
If you rip the feathers away

As I was sitting at O'Reilly's bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter.

CHORUS: Fiddley-I-E Fiddley-I-O
Fiddley-I-E for the one hell Reilly
Rubby dub dub jig balls and all
Rubby dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged and shagged 'til the fun was over.

Chorus

There came a knock upon my door
Who should it be but her god-damned Father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

Chorus

I grabbed that bastard by the hair
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Chorus

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the dirty son of a bitch
The one who shagged O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus

STAY WITH GOD (Tune - Dashing through the snow)

The game was played on Sunday in Heavens own back yard
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard
The angels in the bleachers my God how they did yell
Then Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from Hell

CHORUS: (Oh, Them Golden Sleepers)

Stay with God, oh lordy, stay with God, oh lordy
Jesus on the one yard line, Moses doin fine
Stay with God, oh lordy, stay with God, oh lordy
Hoke em, soke em, Jesus poke em, stay with God.

NELLY DOLLING

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly darling
And your nipples on your tits are turning green
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
You are the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass.

SALLY

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six winders
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM !

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she never could be satisfied

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last the maiden cried
Enough enough I'm satisfied

But now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit

A BABBLING BROOK

A babbling brook, a shady nook, a girl all dressed in yellow
Two snow white tits, two ruby lips, oh you lucky fellow
Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger
She said, "Young man if you are through, I'll finish with my finger
So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted
He wiped his jock upon her sock, and that is how they parted
Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
The pipples pink were on his dick but there 'll be more tomorrow
Nine months went by and she heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain & sorrow
Two little mutts were in her guts but they'll be out tomorrow.

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens the fairest of the fair
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a sheik
One Abdul Abbulbal Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now Abdul rode by with his hand on his fly
And his balls hanging low with desire
And he wagered a million that he could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar

So this spectacle great was all set for a date
Was to be refereed by the Czar
And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starters gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar,

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And Abdul revved up like a car
But he hadn't a hole 'gainst the long greasy strokes
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his pair
When something red hot, up his rear track was shot
And Abdul the bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

The cream of the joke when at last they were broke
It was laughed at for years by the Czar
For Abdul, the fool, had left half his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl yes I do deed I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her tits tiddly tits tiddly tits
And her nut brown ass hole
I'd eat her shit gobble gobble gobble slurp
With a wooden spoon.

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sara Mc Fox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
She married a man named Patrick Mc Call
With a very short peter and no balls at all

CHORUS: No balls at all
No balls at all
A very short peter and no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed
They took off there clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do
I've a married a man who never can screw
I reached for his pecker, it was very small
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter dear daughter don't be so sad
It was the same trouble I had with your dad
There's many a man who will come to the call
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice
And found the results most exceedingly nice
a bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS

(Take me out to the Ball Game)

Parties banquets and balls boys
Parties banquets and balls
As President Truman has said before
There's only one way to stay out of war
That's with parties banquets and balls boys
Parties banquets and balls
We'll have parties andbanquets and banquets and parties
and BALLS, BALLS, BALLS

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down
Mother has promised to pay
Mother is drunk, father's in jail
ister's in a family way
Brother dear ismighty queer
Times are fucking hard
So please don't burn the shithouse down
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassiere
An old used condom in a glass of beer
A twot that twitches like a moose's ear
These foolish things remind me of you.

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody kotex in the rumbleseat
I love me poontang but I beat my meat
These foolish things remind me of you.

KIMPO BLUES

(A little bit of Heaven fell)

Oh a little bit of shit fell down
Out of the sky one day
And it landed in the Chosen
So very far away
And when the Senate saw it
It looked so fucking bare
They said that's what we're looking for
We'll send our Air Force there.

So they sent their '86's
Air Base Group and Medics too
And they sent the dreaded 336th
They knew just what to do
And now you'll find them languished
In a place that's so remote
That all you'll hear those bastards shout so
Where are those fucking boats.

CHORUS: I've got those Kimpo blues,
Kimchi Blues
I'm fed up
And I'm fucked up
And I'm blue

We tried to please Old Syngman
But it really was a farce
The only thing twas left to do
Was shove it up his arse.

CHORUS

Oh we found our Alma Mater
In a house in Yong Dong Po
The brass got there before us
They showed us where to go

CHORUS

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar, when he turned and he said to
The Lady in Red, Get out! You can't stay where you are.
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
And she thought of the cold night ahead.

Then a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know
About the ways of flying boys and how they come and go
She's lost her youth and beauty, and life has left its sad scar
So remember your mothers and sisters boys and let her sleep
Under the Bar

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling let me fix your garter
Just an inch above the knee
And if I should wander farther
Please don't blame it all on me.

The hair around your pussy's turning silver
The hair around my cock is turning gold
So let's put our two things together
Silver threads among the gold

So she let me fix her garter
Just an inch above her knee
And my hand did wander farther
And she pissed all over me

OH THEY SAY THAT THIS HICKAM'S A WONDERFUL PLACE

Oh they say that this Hickam's a wonderful place
But the organizations a fucking disgrace
There's captains and Majors and light Colonels, too
With their hands in their pockets and fuck all to do
They stand on the ramp and they rave and they shout
They shout about things they know fuck all about
And for all of their good they might just as well be
A shoveling shit on the Isle of Caori

HAVE YOU TRIED YESSUP?

Have you tried Yessup
The best breakfast in the land?
Have you tried Yessup
The best breakfast food in the land?
Delicious, nutritious, the whole day through
Jack Hard-on never tires of it, and neither will you
Oh have you tried Yessup
The best breakfast food in the land?
Yessup spelled backwards is PUSSY, SPELLED SIDEWAYS is

Slurp-slurp

MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate
They're scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll run out of the sky
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89, the TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar, and A/B
She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D

OPERATIONS (XIII.)

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floors
And we'll go fat-cat'n from here to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive
The Mig 15's chase em, they soon will erase them
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a one-double-o, the bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-o

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me a one-hundred-D, it scares the shit out of me
They say it's a fighter, but it should be lighter
Don't give me a one-hundred-D.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK (Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing, beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the takeoff, as he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated door

Four times he's led us up there, and he always led us back
For he circled o'er the I.P., as we went in to attack
He said I'm hard yet fair boys, but allergic to ack ack
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the targets sighted, who inspires the attack
Who says hundreds may go in lads, but a few aren't coming back
Who says we'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flak
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over, and briefing they should be
You can search the whold field over, but not a pilot will you see
For they'll all be at the O Club, with a mixed drink in their hand
Singing the Man behind the armor plated desk.

SONG OF R AND R

(Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose
And the 3 ki in the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Niponese.

(Caissons So Rolling Along)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around
For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry
Call out your sizes loud and strong,
Super! Junior! Band-aid!
For where ere you go
The blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around
Keep on bleedin' when the end of the month rolls around.

THE TINKER

The lady of the mansion, was dressing for a ball when she
espied a tinker, pissing up against the wall.

CHORUS:

With his great big kidney-wiper and balls as big as three and
a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husband any day

Oh the tinker got the letter and when it he did read
His balls slung o'er his shoulder and his penis by his side

Oh, he rode up to the mansion, he rode up to the hall
Gor' Blyme! said the butler he has come to fuck us all.

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor, he fucked them on the beds
Lord save us! cried the chambermaids, we've lost our maidenheads

Oh, he fucked the Duchess standing, he fucked her against the wall
But when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest trick of all

Oh, he rode out from the mansion, he rode into the street
With little drops of semen pattering at his feet

Oh, the tinker's dead and buried and I'll bet he's gone to hell
He said he'd fuck the devil and I'll bet he's done it well

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL
(Mark the Herald Angels Sing)

Uncle John and Auntie Mabel, fainted on the breakfast table
This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night
Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon.

A-men

PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party

We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
Play poker every night
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting.

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ting-a-ling
for you but not for me

Oh, ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT (Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter jockey
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!!

Piccadilly Underground
(Piccadilly Underground)

Oh they're digging up father's grave to build a sewer
And they're going at the job at no expense
They're disturbing his remains, to make way for outhouse drains
To satisfy some brand new resident, Gor Blimey
Now Father in his day was never a quitter
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now
He'll dress up in white sheets, and haunt those outhouse seats
And no one there will sit but he allows, Gor Blimey
Now won't there be some bloody constipation
And won't these bloody bastards rant, and rave
Which is more than they deserve, for having the bloody nerve
To bugger about with a British workman's grave.

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES
(Bless Em All)

Bless em all, Bless em all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transsonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as the ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from the wall
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck not the wall.

KOREA
(I'm looking Over a Four-leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go
There's no use explaining why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more

(The Battle Hymn of the Republic)

About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's gone to hell

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing, and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verboten and we're all so goddamn tame
Our spirit's shot to hell

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold
Alas I have no choice and I will live to be quite old
The Air Force's gone to hell

But smile awhile my pilots tho your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll be in heaven where the rules have not been set
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let -
The Air Force fly like hell

CHORUS: Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us
FLY LIKE HELL!

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER
(Silver Threads Among the Gold)

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same
Oh, we'll always call you _____
Isn't it a bloody shame

To the days at old Misawa
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue

FLAK SHOWERS
(April Showers)

Although Flak showers, may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
My fuel is bingo, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see

AIR FORCE 801
(Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew, and get them on the run

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP'S

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and runnin on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up, before that judgment day

Air Force 801, this is judgment day
You're in pilotsheaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell.

PILOT'S LAMENT
(If I had the Wings of an Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather round while we sing this song to you

The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts

A reason there must be for discontentment
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out loop
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you
I'm not a member of the 312th Fighter Group.

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

I fly up to Yalu in my F-86
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your PCX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and git

Oh, someday you'll meet a Mig-15, he'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry 'cause another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you will never mind

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn
About those paper shufflin' types, with heads just like a ham
We want a hundred planes or so, all ready on the line
And they can pad those swivel chairs, and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train, when you're in Admin' mire
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind

NAPALM
(Titanic)

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea
I was out on a Recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer with a pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when my napalm went down

It was up by Kuniri where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when those rockets went down

CHORUS: It was sad, of it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell
When those rockets hit the bell
It was sad when those rockets went down

It was up by Sinanju where I knew that I was through
It was when I hit the silk, oh my god I strained my milk
It was sad when that pilot went down

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when those pilots went down

CHICKEN SONG

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
My wife sad honey, it's striking me funny
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay

One day a rooster flew into our yard
And caught the poor chickens completely off guard

They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
Ever since that rooster flew into our yard
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM
I Learned About Women From Her

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
And the Shavetail that gave me hell.

The fellow from Princeton was steady
He taught me to take-off and land
He'd set her down on three points
And loop her to beat the band
And when I went up for a solo
The Jennie was steady and trim
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip
And I learned about flying from him

The man from Cornell was a bad one
A son of a gun I will say
The dirty tail-spin he gave me
Will last for many a day
I donated a lunch to the cockpit
But he dived and he spun her again
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
And he talked through a long rubber tube
All that I heard was his swearing
He spotted me for a boob
I'll never forget one bad tailspin
He yelled, kick the rudder you simp
But I didn't kick I just wiggled the stick
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation
And took a fast ship from the line
I made the first turn a humming
And brought her back up just fine
I sped up the ship without thinking
And hit number two in the wing
And when I got well, the CO gave me hell
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
But take some straight dope from a flyer
And go with the Navy to sea
For the ships they have there can land anywhere
And learn about flying from me

WRECK OF OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a Fifty-one D

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near

A Second Lieutenant wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do.

Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a hole in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight

There was old '97 with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

Bill and the Old '97
(Wreck of the Old '97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying, "Bill, you're 'way behind time"
Take this safe hand mail in your war weary mustang
And put 'er in Nagoya on time

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew-chief
"Is my span-can ready to roll?
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya
But Bill was a guage pilot bold
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros
And his Mustang did three snap rolls

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour
Then the tip-tanks came off with a scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Still flying the Tokyo beam

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well
Old Bill broke his mustang all to hell
There'll be no more suki-haki at good old Itazuke
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well

MOONSHINE
(You are my Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine
You guide my fingers, when skies are grey
I chase your bogies, from here to Moji
Just to find they have gone the other way

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard moonshine controller say
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume
Don't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Moji and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine
How could you let me down this way
My chute was swingin' they heard me singin'
Won't you take that moonshine away

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE
(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn Reserves

CHORUS: Call out, call out
Call out the God Damn Reserves, reserves
Oh, call out, call out
Oh, call out the God Damn Reserves

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn Reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The Regulars stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God Damn Reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor

CHORUS: Fight on, fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on, fight on
Fight on, fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU
(When It's Spring Time in the Rockies)

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the Migs come out to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom
And your 50's do the talking and it's just a Mig and you
Once again you'll hear me whisper that me fuel is running low
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

TO THE REGULARS

(Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea
I can't forget Kunsan
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin
Have made me feel at home
I flew across the bomblines
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

CHORUS: Oh I was called to risk my ass
And save the U.N. too
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest
While the regulars held their desk jobs
The reserves were called en masse
For the U.N. knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never've had to part
But we don't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regular's'll come
And we can all go home

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our congressmen
Have had forties up their ass
We have to fight to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
You'll find no senators dead

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the air reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve

CO-PILOT'S LAMENT
(The Cowboy's Lament)

I'm the co-pilot . . . I sit on the right
It's up to me to be quick and bright
I never talk back, for I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets

I make out the flight plan and study the weather
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring

I take the readings and adjust the power
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light

I call for my captain and buy him cokes
I always laugh at his corny jokes
And once in a while when landings are rusty
I come through with, "Gawd, but it's gusty."

All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge
But maybe some day with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they sent out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summer's day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away

On, his bird was piled on his wishbone
And his engine was wrapped round his head
And he bore a spark plug on each elbow
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the soup where he lay
And to his sorrowing comrades
These brave parting words did he say

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning
With no merlin before me to course
So come along and get busy
Another lad now rents the hearse

Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again

With rusted fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem
We fly these worn out mustangs
Against the Mig-15

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies
Here's a toast to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay

Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors
Hold 'em down, you Zulu Chiefs
Chiefs Chiefs Chiefs
Chi-ga-ma-lie-----oh!

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more
They taught me how to fly then they sent me off to die
I've had a belly full of war
You can save those Zeroes for the God-damned heroes
Distinguished Flying crosses do not compensate for losses, Buster

CHORUS: I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants
I'm not a fighter I have learned
You can save those Mitsubitsi's for those other sons-of-bitches
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than be shot down in a Gruman, Buster

Now, I'm too young to die in a damned old PBX
That's for the eager not for me
I won't trust to luck to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Cause I'd rather be a bell hop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle not around a god-damned throttle, Buste

Now I don't care to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flack always makes me park my lunch
I get no Hey, Hey, when they holler bombs away
I'd rather be home with the bunch
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
For I'd rather be home buster with my ass than with a cluster, Buster

They feed us lousy chow but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next they'll be dehydrating sex
And on that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of
powder, Buster

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton, but I haven't gone a one
Oh what I'd give to have a butt
Now the home front may be pitching, but I still will do my bitching
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some

nookie, Buster!

I WANTED WINGS

(Korean version)

I wanted wings till I got the god-damn things
Now I don't want them any more
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure
I've had a belly full of war
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting MIG's of Uncle Joe's
In an atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them any more

I don't want to die over Antunz in the sky
MIG's always make me barf my lunch
For me there's no Hey, Hey, screaming
Bogies that-a-way
I'd rather be home buster
With my ass than with a cluster, Buster
I wanted wings till I got the god-damned things
Now I don't want them anymore

SQUADRON SONG

Oh, we are the boys from the 3-8-6
You've heard so much about
Mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out

We're always full of whiskey
We're always full of booze
Oh, we are the boys from 3-8-6
Now who the hell are youse

As we go marching
And the band begins to P-L-A-Y
You can hear the people shouting
Razgedy Razz, Razgedy Razz
3-8-6 on parade

Whowawa
Who owns this club whowawa
Who owns this club whowawa
Who owns this club the people cried
We own this club
We own this club
Three eighty sixth squadron we replied!!

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

CHORUS: They call it that good old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up my mug if you'll fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew

There's an old hollow tree, down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go round the bend, and when you come back again
Your jug is full of that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill, has a still on th hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The buzzards in the sky, get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smelling that good old mountain dew

Now my cousin Mort, he sawed off and short
Only measures bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew

My old aunt June, bought some brand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smelling phew
But to her surprise, when she had it analized
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick
When you've been on a rail cut or two
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort
Of that good old mountain dew

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

An Air Force Lieutenant to Pusan did stole
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul
When an old M.P. Sgt. said, "Pardon me, sir
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a
There's blood on your tunic
And mud on your knees

Now look here Sgt. you bloody damn fool
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave young men are dying for bastards like you

Now the old M.P. Sgt. said, "Pardon me, sir
But on the Lt. I meant no slur
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!"

TO THE PO RIVER VALLEY
(Red River Valley)

To the Po River valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Po River Valley we're going
And I'm flying four in flight blue

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my way 'round the field
And the rest rugged in out at sea

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind
And a mustang went by like a breeze
And a C-46 with one feathered
Went by towing five L-3's

To the Po River Valley we're going
And many strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the flak that they threw up at me

FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality
Forty thousand is no place for me, with MIG-15's in the vicinity
With cannon balls flying all around, makes me wish that I'd stayed
on the ground
I should join the infantry, or take the navy and go out to sea

Where did red leader go, when I called out "Bingo"
That's what I'd like to know, just where 'n the hell did he go
He called "Red flight, BREAK RIGHT," all I did was tuck in tight
He climbed up in the sun and that's where the fun begun !!

Flashes behind me, flashes all around

Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground
I called "Red Leader, where in the hell did you roam?
Clear yourself and ride the mach cause I am going home!"

BLESS THEM ALL

Bless them all, Bless them all
The needle, the airspeed the ball
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up to solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet should stall
You're in for one hell of a fall
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Bless them all

Bless them all, Bless them all
The long and the short and the tall
Bell all the serjeants
The sour puss ones
Bless all the Corporals and their dopey sas
Cause we're saying goodby to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here bless them all

MISAWA BLUES (Cigareets and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a dear wife
I had enough Yen to last me for life
I met with a Josan and we went on a spree
She started me smokin' and drinkin' Saki

CHORUS: Cigareets and Saki and wild wild Josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigareets and Saki and wild wild Josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

I went to Asmuchi, a bath for to take
I met me a Josan who was on the make
The bath it was hot and the Josan was too
If you go to Asmuchi my boys you are through

I went to my room, some sleep for to get
She said no sleep, boy, with me there's no sweat
I woke the next morning at quarter past ten
She says, "Hey Yankee, that's four thousand Yen."

I'm back in Misawa where we sing and we shout
He and the Doc are sweating it out
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf
Then he poured out a dozen or so for himself

KUNRI-RI AND AN-TUNG
(Cigaretts and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Flew Fox-Eighty-Sixes at old Victorville
They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

CHORUS: Kun-ri and Antung, and wild wild Pyon-yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

We go down to briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead
We think of the wheels who are snug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
"Josie" we cry with all of our might

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or Willie will write about you

Oh the Chosen is frozen and all wet with ice
From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice
But ask a foot soldier and he'll set you plumb straight
It's covered with Reds blood imbedded with hate

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race
A man is a monkey to give one a chase
Here's my description, take warning dear brother
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "No sweat"
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MIG's jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "BREAK"
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing Job, a desk and a chair

I went on my mission to cut a rail track
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flak"
But the guns from that place would make day out of night
Oh God how I wish all I did was dog fight

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine
The Sui-Ho Reservoir is plainly seen
But MIG's out of Antung send sweat down my back
So I head towards Kanggye and get shot down by flak

CONTINUED

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed----what a sound
A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating towards ground
I showed them my blood chit, they said, "No sweat mac"
They hand me an A fram, now I'm walking back

HUTCH'S BALLAD (Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers
Way out in the hills so grand
Located in Korea, right next to no-man's land
Our fans now they were G.I.'s
And they thought our mustangs grand
As we circled o'er the target
Watching "Willie Peter" land

But our controller was neurotic
Neath the ground he wouldn't go
We toggled off our babies
And we watched them hit below
He hadplaced the rockets wildy
And he'd fouled the whole damn show
But when we got the grading Sure it was Zero-zero

Sure, a little bit of airplane fell
From out the sky one day
It landed west of Pyonfyang
Not very far away
Comet Red won't be coming back
It made us very blue
But we went on to our target
And we dropped our babies true

So, we sprinkled it with fifties
Just to keep their heads down low
Then we hurried back to S-2
To lie about our show
When you read it in the papers
All about the 18th's capers
You will know it's propaganda
For old Barcus, bless his soul

THE CUCKOO SONG

Now the Cuckoo is a strange bird
It sits on the grass
With its wings neatly folded
And its beak up its ass
From this strange position
It seldom does flit
For it's hard to say "Cuckoo"
With a beak full of*** Sweet Violets-----

SAVE A NICKEL (Don't Throw a Nickel on the Grass)

It was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle sabres, Sabres one and all
Pilots, gentle pilots, And all the pilots shouted Halls
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets and shove them up your ass

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilots ass
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday got six MIG'S on my ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The air-speed read one-thirty, my God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday spin instructions please

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, Let both my babies go
I sucked the stick down my gut, I hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the works all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by' the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak
My airspeed went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E and # equipment, I made for our front line
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what was in it
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die

PUSAN U
(Tune-Siouz City Sue)

We were roaming round the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
and she said, "Pusan U."

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The university that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan, to you

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honey buckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific
But fortune saw me through
so now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U

Chorus: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A-frames, ox carts pulled for steers
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan, to you

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
The spotted her in hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes fame
She says, "Oh Pusan U."

Repeat first chorus:
We have an A-1 baseball team
We win our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say, "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good too
And every time we come to bat
The crowd yells, "Pusan U"

Repeat second Chorus:

THE VALU RIVER AND MOUNTAIN
(Three-She'll be comin' round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of Fighter Pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold

It was dive bomb old Sinuiji, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loader, instand heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds

Twenty thousand over P'yongyand on Northwest
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test
Till last the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twent -four abreast

Dust clouds rool up from Antung cross the way
Twenty swept wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirt/-sevens, twent/-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fra

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victor roll our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairt
Hear that priviledged sanctuary
S nghaman Rhree will soon be president of this place

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading one-five-two to K2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more

A NAVY PRAYER

Our father, who art in washington
Truman is thy name
The Navys dome
The air Force won
On the atlantic, as in the Pacific
Give us this day, our appropriations
And forgive us our accusers
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from Matthews and Johnson
For thine is the power
The B-36 and the Air Force
Forever and ever. Amen

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Prelude: There was a ball a blood great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir
Four and twent prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The Queen was in the bed room, playing with herself

Chorus: Singing I'll do we this time, I'll do it now
The man that did it last night, could not do it now
Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parsons wife she was there, seated down in frömt
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

Oh the village parson he was there, and ver surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree

Oh the parsons daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantle piece, and landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks
You could not hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls
talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You could na see the carpets for the come and curl hairs

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger would na dance
Sitting with a hard on, and a waiting for his chance

The fire/ Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with his crutch

The chimney sweep and he was there, he had a dose of cot
for ever, time he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He could na fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

THE PERSIAN KITTY

The persian kitten perfumed and fair
Stepped out in the garden to get some air
A tom cat lanky, lean and long
Dirty and yellow came along
He sniffed at the perfumed persian cat
As she walked by with much eclat
Thinking of a little time to pass
Whispered, "Kitten, you sure got class"
Now fittin' and proper the kitten replied
As she arched one whisker over her eye
"I've been raised on pillow of silk,
Never drank nothing but certified milk
Oh I should be happy with all that I got
I should be happy, but I'm not
I should be happy, happy indeed
For you see I'm highly pedigreed
Cheer up said the tom cat with a smile
Just trust your new friend for a while
You don't have to leave your own back fence
For kitten all you need is experience
Yales of joy he then unforled
As hetold her the story of the outside world
Then suggested with a lurid laugh
That they take a trip down the primrose path
Morning after the night before
When kitten returned at the hour of four
The innocent look on her eyes had went
And the smile on her face was the smile of content
Months later when people came
To view those kittens of pedigreed fame
They were't persian, they were black and tan
And she told'em that their father was a travelin'man
A rack em up, shackem up man

TATTOOED LADY

(Tune- My Indiana Home)

I married me a tatooed lady
To roam around her body was a treat
And every night before retiring
I'd pull the covers back and take a peek
Around her waist was Pennsylvania, and on her hip was Tennessee
And tatooed on her back was dear old Hackensack
From the state of New Jersey
Now on her chest was west Virginia
Through those hills I loved to roam
But when I saw the moonlight shinning on the Wabash
Then I recognized my Indiana home

POOR LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, she was the village queen
Pure and innocent was Angeline
She never had a thrill, was a virgin still
Poor little Angeline

Now at the village fair, the Squire was there
Masturbating on the village square
When he chanced to see, the dainty little knee
Of poor little Angeline

So he raised his hat, and he said your cat
Has been ridden o'er and smashed quite flat
But it isn't too far, and I've got my car
Poor little Angeline

Now they hadn't gone far when he stopped the car
And dragged her in to the nearest bar
Where he filled her with gin, to tempt her to sin
Poor little Angeline

When he'd filled her quite well, he dragged her to a dell
Where he attempted to give her hell
By trying his luck, at a low down fuck
With poor little Angeline

With a cry of rape, he raised her cape
Poor little girlie there was no escape
Unless someone came, to save the name
Of poor little Angeline

Now the black smith bold had a heart of gold
Been her lover for years untold
And he promised to be true, and faithful too
Poor little Angeline

But sad to say, on that very same day
He'd been sent to jail and there to stay
For coming in his pants at the local dance
With poor little Angeline

~~Now the black smith bold had a~~
Now the window of his cell, overlooked the dell
Wherein the squire was giving her hell
As they lay on the grass, he recognized the ass
Of poor little Angeline

When he got to the spot, and saw what was what
He tied the villains penis in a knot
As he lay upon his guts he got a kick in the guts
From poor little Angeline
Cont. on next page

Oh dear blacksmith, bold I love you true
And I can tell by your t ousers that you love me too
As I'm all undressed, you had better do the rest
Said poor little Angeline

THE RIVER RAN RED (Tune-Titanic)

Number one was having fun, number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mits
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around an tried to get some more

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got number three don't you see
Yes they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more

Number one was having fun, Number two got quite a few
Number four got some more as he said
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad
The Chaplin told me the good from the bad
And of all his words , these were his last
Never fly high and never fly fast

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind
And off the New Guinea did go
But when I got there I was to find
The strafers fly too gosh darn low-----Oh

We fly o'er the breestops with inches to spare
There's smoke in the cockpit and grey in our hair
The tracers look fine as strafing we go
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Then up and spoke a sailors wife
And she was fressed in green
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a submarine
She had a submarine my boys
With conning tower complete
And in the other corner she had half the fucking fleet

Chorus: She had those dark and dreamy eyes
With a shiz bang up her highty
Singing Hi Jack, come and have a skin back
Come and have a bang at Liza, singing
Old soldiers never die, they just smell that way

Then up and spoke the gunners wife
And she was full of fun
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a vickers gun
She had a vickers gun my boys
With the breech block and the sear
And in the other corner she had provisions for a year

The up and spoke the pilots wife
And she was chewing gum
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a fifty-one
She had a fifty-one my boys
Two napalms and six guns
And in the other corner she had rockets by the tone

Then up and spoke the skippers wife
And she was dressed in black
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a fishing smack
She had a fishing smack my boys
Theoarlocks and the oars
And in the other corner she had bags and bags of sores

Then up and spoke the jock's wife
And she was dressed in red
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a Horses head
She had a Horses head my boys
The bridle and the bit
And in th other corner she had bags and bags of shit

Then up and spoke the brewers wife
And she was dressed in grey
And in one corner of her funny little thing
She had a brewers drau
She had a brewers dray my boys
The barrels and the beer
And in the other corner she had syph and ghonnorhea

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG
(Tune-On top of old smokey)

On top of old pyongyang, all covered with flack
I lost my poor wingman he'll never come back
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief
And a quick triggered commie, is worse than a thief

for a thief will just rob you, and take all you have
But a quick triggered Commie, will send you to the grave
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand, a Sabre Jet can trust

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down
All day we can hear, this horrible sound
Attention all pilots, now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting, That you dare not miss

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
On top of Mt. Fuji, he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass
At altitude zero, he busted his ass

RED NOSE MIGS
(Tune-Shrimp Boats)

Oh the red nose Migs's are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh the red nose Mig's are comin'
And they want to fight
Lets hurry, hurry, hurrry home
Oh won't you hurry, hurry, hurry home
Oh the red nose Mig's are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight

MIG15
(Tune -I t'ought I taw a putty cat)
I t'ought I taw a Mig-15, Atweeping up on me
Idid, I did, I taw him, As big as he could be

I am that great big Mig-15, Ivan is my name
And if I watch that 34 I'll shoot him down in flame

THE CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain he rides in the gig
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

Chorus: Singing toraly toraly toraly A
Toraly toraly A
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel bit

Thesexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the sphinx

How the sphinx's posterier organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile

Exhaustive experimentation
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved That the ass of a hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all
Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys down at Yale
They pull all the guilts from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by the tail

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to the streets that they roam
And here's to their dirty faced bastards
God bless them they may be our own

Here's to old for Massachusetts
And here's to the old Mohawk trail
And heres to those indian maidens
They gave us our first piece of tail

OLD BEER BOTTLES

It was only an old beer bottle
Floating on the foam
It was only an old beer bottle
Ten thousand miles from home
Inside was a piece of paper
With these words written on
Whoever finds this bottle
Will find the beer all gone

CATS ON THE ROOF TOP

The hippopotamus so it seems, seldom if ever has wet dreams
But when he does, he comes in streams
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Chorus: Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles
Cats with their ass holes wreathed in smiles
As we revel in joys of copulation

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass, mama armadillo has an iron bound ass
But papa armadillo has a prick of brass
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Way down south where the alligators roar
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore
Cause all the alligators are too sore
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Oh the elephant is a funny old bloke
Who very seldom gets his poke
But when he does he lets it soak
As we revel in copulation

Oh the ostrich is a funny old dick
It isn't very often that he dips his wick
But when he does he dips it quick
As we revel in the joys of copulation

_____ is a friend of mine
His dub he very seldom pounds
But When he does the walls resound
As we revel in copulation

POOR BUT HONEST

Oh she was poor but she was honest
The victim of a rich mans whim
When she met that southern gentleman--Leo Daniels
And she had a child by him
Now sits in the governors mansion
Making laws for all mankind
While she walks the streets of Austin--Austin Texas
Selling chunks of her behind

It's the rich what gets the glory
It's the poor what gets the blame
It's the same the whole world over--over over
Now ain't that a God Damn shame

PIPER LAURIE

Salvation Army, Salvation Army
Standing on the corner in the night night night
Beating on your drum with your finger up your bung
Singing mama hold my pee-pee while I pee

Sergeant Major, Sergeant Major
Standing in your uniform so bright bright bright
Saluting with your hand with your bollix in the sand
Singing Corporal hold my pee-pee while I pee

Naughty Baby, Naughty Baby
Keeping all the neighbors up at night, night, night
Standing on your head in the middle of the bed
Singing mama hold my pee-pee while I pee

General Barcus, General Barcus
Looking at your stars so big and bright, bright, bright
Coming down the hill singing Colonel have a thrill
Singing Colonel hold my pee-pee while I pee

Piper Laurie, Piper Laurie
Having skoshie, chop-chop at the club, club, club
As I gaze into your eyesand my pee-pee starts to rise
Singing Piper hold my pee-pee while I pee

ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh the world is full of guys, who think they're mighty wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can see them night and day strolling up and down Broadway
Telling of the things that they do
Oh there are wise man and there are boozers
Con men and crap; shooters, they all hang around the Metropole
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars
They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks, for coin
That's there old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the lod tender-loin
That's their old ace in the hole
They'll tell you of places that they're going to see
From Frisco to the old north pole
But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole

1990-1991

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king
For once I had a mission when I was'nt flying wing
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine
Big Log had given us all the poop, the weather it was fine
"One word ~~666666666666~~ of advise,"he said to us,"Though I hate to spoil your fun
Stay out from in front of that Mig 15, it's got too big a gun
" " " " " " " " " " " " "

We were again around way up there as watchful as could be Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see." I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise I discovered a Mig-19 right before my eyes
" " " " " " " " " " " "

The common balls were flying around as thick as they could be
I took one look and said , says I, this ain't no place for me
I rolled it over and sucked it through and tool it down below
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM, BOOM , BOOMand don't come back no more

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life
Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."
"Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea

I rolled it out of that six G turn out over the briny deep
That Mig could not have followed me cause I sure raked it steep
But then I looked back, Oh there he sat, as fat as he could be
And he was shooting those cannon ball, and they were coming right at me

" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail
The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surly have to bail
I braced myself and said a prayer and pulled the handle red
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a flight
And you've got a mig at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight
DON'T EVER roll out or pull it up thats my advice to you
Cause you'll never get rid of the Son of a Bitch, no matter what you did

" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "

SPOT PROMOTION
(Tune-Gold Cold Heart)

I've tried, so hard my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself
Promoted on a spot
Your job is one that could be done
By any PFC
Now can I get your ass shipped out
And get that spot for me

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The T/O's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Lieutenant General, Wing CO
The staff all gets one star
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the war

Another week or two in grade
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get your open spot

AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME
(Tune-Poor but honest)

We were fat back in the Truman's
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine
When they said, "You're going over
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager
To get one hundred and go home
But they slipped the finger to us
And left us here- far o'er the foam

Now they sit in UNAF Headquarters
Making rules so much unkind
It's the same the whole world over
Isn't it a bloody shame

Shed a tear when you think of us
Sitting here on old K-2
While you sleep with all our sweethearts
As we fly the old Yaku

EARLY ABORT

(Tune- MacNamara's Band)

Oh, m. name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell ou where the Commie is, and where the flak is black
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
" " " " "

Oh m name is Colonel _____ I,m the leader of the group

My name is Major _____ and I lead the old libort;
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
But if you say Pyong-Yanh, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and go ahead, and i'll wait here for you

I,m sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots they are ready, but the skipper shot
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

And then I'm sure you know of the ladders in the wing
Any night in the OClub you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do

Oh I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great
But when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again
We'll call the tower and get a steer. we don't know where we've been
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and bell/ in

Oh we fl those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the blood sleet
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody North
And we make our bloody landfall at the Firth of bloody North

Oh we can fly those bloody Sabres at a handred bloody feet
We can fl/ them in the rain and fog and in the blood sleet
We think were flying blood high, instead were flying bloody low
And we hit the marker beacon such an awful bloody blow

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.,
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Generals say
But it we have another war and they give us the "86
To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix

THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION
(Tune-Strawterr Roan)

Out on the flight line one cold Sunday morn
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat
The form one had a red line, I'll bet you on that

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch
We pushed on the power, she started and stalled
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all
We call to the tower, "Single Engine," we say
"What the hell," said the tower, "We got them all da "
"Go around," said the tower, "We can't let you land
We got Cooks on the runway dragging off sand

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim
We turned on final and free fell the gear
The engineer murmured, "Please have no fear"

The pilot was scared, the co-pilot too
The engineer had all he could do
The runway was coming and coming up fast
One third of the runway had already passed

We pulled off power and she settled in fast
That one-twenty-three had landed at last

BLACKBIRDS
(Tune-Eye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly Blackbirds Go in low and come out fast
Keep those fighters off our ass
We fly Blackbirds

No one here can ever understand us
You should hear the malarky they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly

DIRTY LIL

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil
Lives on top of garbage hill
Never took a bath!
Never will
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil

In ancient days there lived a maid
Who used to ply a filthy trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jerusalem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem
Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare
Upon her gash there grew no hair
For hair won't grow on a throfare
Like the snatch of old Kathuselun

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had not bled
It smelled as though it had been dead
Since the founding of Jeruselem

Now Kathuselem was a wiley witch
A god damn fucking son of a bitch
And every pecker that had the itch
Had dangled in Kathuselem

Next door there lived a giant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basketballs
The giant of old Jeruselem

One night returning from a spree
A quite consistant jubilee
His balls hung well below his knee
He chanced to cress Kathuselem

And so he cha langed her to fuck
And wishing her the best of luck
He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook

This giant of old was under slung
He missed her cunt and hit her bung
And with his giant pecker stung
The pride of all Jeruselem

Kathuselem she knew her art
She cocked her ass and blew a fart
She blew him like a bloody dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselem

And there he lay with a broken mass
His cock all bent with shit and gas
And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass
All over the walls of Jeruselem

SEOUL CITY SUE
(Tune-Sioux City Sue)

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bong Chung way
And there I met a gook girl
Who said she'd like to play
Her clothes were of a dirty blue
Her hands and feet were too
I asked what her name was
She said, Seoul City Sue."

Chorus: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue
Your hair is black, your eyes are blue
I'd swap my honey comb for you
No one smells of turpentine
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with me
And buy her perfumes too
So people can't be singing
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM
I heard they wanted men to fight as soldiers bold
So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"
When I got there I was SCL for this is how I fly

Chorus: Look at the ears on him, on him
Oh! how do you get that way
That was the greeting I received as I arrived in camp
First they put me into the kitchen, Kitchens my name
I wrote my girl that I was a flier
Well but I'm a wonderful liar

Look at the ears on him, on him
Oh! how do you get that way
That is the only battle cry I hear with the army
If I'm to fight in this great war then I should be a flyer
They'd better take up my letters at home
And give me an aeroplane

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying camp
I've swung a pick and shovel, till my fancy hair is long
I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky
And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

" " " " " " " " "

Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers

But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

" " " " " " " " "

They are off on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh " " " " " " " "

They are all across the bay, getting shot at every day

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray

" " " " " " " " "

They are all in USO's wearing ribbons, fancy clothes

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the Fray

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

" " " " " " " " "

The automatic pilots on, reading novels in the john

Oh the bombers pilots life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

" " " " " " " " "

His gyro are uncaged, and his women overaged

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

Oh " " " " " " " " "

The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

If you ever do it once you'll do it twice

It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but its nice

Oh look at the 388th in the club

" " " " " " " " "

They don't party, they don't sing, 386th does everything

Oh look at the 388th in the club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club

" " " " " " " " "

H don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub

OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

COAST TO THE BOMB AREN'TS

This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gona need a crew
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue
This ole team has fro' ty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm and
The captain said the other day
My boys, you've bought the farm

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to learn the diamond
Ain't got time to learn the score
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst
Or plane to do a roll
And we're looking for th PLO
Who got us in this hole

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're old yellow stain
This ole team is getting lonesome
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel putty cats
Awaitin' judgement day

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to be a tiger
Ain't got time to give a roar
Ain't got planes that hold together
Or that G-suit underwear
But we've got our pretty flying suits
So we don't really care

TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE

" " "
" " " Is the place
Ah, so (Tachikawa); Ah, so, (Yokohama)
" " (Itazuke) " " (Kimpo)

Frozen Chosen is the place for you my boy
" " " " " " " " "

Frozen chosen, Frozen Chosen, Frozen Chosen is the place

Ah, So, Frozen Chosen; Ah, so, Chosen Frozen
" " " " ; " " , KIMPO

A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES
(Tune-Sing us Another one)

Our bomber flies ten thousand miles
" " " " " "

But a bomb like a cherry
It all it can carry
When our bomber flies the ten thousand miles

Chorus: Steady boys, steady boys
Here comes another big lie

Said pilot to bomber, how slick
Finding this targets no trick
But my God how strange
We're fresh out of range
Strap on my parachute quick

The Air Force sure has the life grand
Wine, women and song is the plan
There's medals by baskets
For flying our caskets
In the M & M starlet command

F-80's are certainly keen
If to daring your tendencies lean
But we want it said
We'd not be caught dead
In such an infernal machine

With our bombers the world will be shocked
At three hundred miles they've been clocked
But while dreaming up tricks
With B-36
We've had our heads up and locked

The X-1 was cruising the blue
The pilot felt something quite new
Christ what a sensation
Where's public relations
The Legion of Merit will be

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles
We claim it but only with smiles
While crashing the barrier
We pooh, pooh, the carrier
That really goes ten thousand miles

Oh we know what we're saying is true
We got it directly from Stu
We love the blue yonder
But sometimes we wonder
Just who's doing who to who

So listen young men as we say
Be careful of wings and flight pay
There's no prohibitions
On suicide missions
So come join the Air Force today

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a swingin trapeze
They looped em' they rolled m' they bounced DC-3's
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine O'clock level
Let's see if 8th fighter will fight

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says jet four in fright
They're all pullin streamers says jet number three
It's go home, this is no place for me

The jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went
Never to bounce any more

THE PRETTIEST SHIP

1 Leader The prettiest ship
All " " " "
Leader Out on the Line
All " " " "
Leader The MIG-15
All " " " "
Leader Flies fast and fine
All " " " "
Leader The prettiest ship
All " " " " out on the line
The Mig-15 flies fast and fine
2 When we go up and fly at noon
The Mig-15's leap off the moon
3 Then they all come down pretty soon
A pissed off tiger lowers the boom
4 On all our planes we paint red stars
For Mig-15's that land on Mars
5 We chase them up to forty-four
That fox eight six ain't got much more
6 The throttles set right at full bore
We'll never catch that little whore
7 Then they start home and Casey calls
We're letting down no seat at all
8 We're coming in with thirteen chicks
Twelve Mig-15's one fox eight six
9 The moral of this story 's clear
When you start home just check your rear
10 Cause if you don't you're sure to find
A Mig-15 tucked in behind

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air."

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do

INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Into the air, pilots true
Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to whine
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force
Is along the fighting line

Into the air, junior birdmen
Into the air, upside down
Into the air, junior birdmen
Get your nose up off the ground
And when you hear the great commencement
And you will know the junior birdman
Have sent their box tops in.

MY WILD EYED CADET

My wild eyed cadet, he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down, when close to the ground
My wild eyed cadet
He slips in his banks, if he lives we'll all give thanks
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow
Behind wild eyed cadets

EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg
Eight bucks a day, eight bucks a day
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg
Eight bucks a day is the pay
Close the gate, lock the door
Cause we won't come back to Langley any more
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay
Eight bucks a day is the pay

I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead
The pilot is trying to stand on his head
Take me back to the ground, I don't want to fly upside down
Oh, m ! I'm too young to die
I want to go home

HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

From Pchunkus, Tennessee
Came a bastard that was me
And my father shoveled snow from off the street
Well when I was very young
He found a diamond in the dung
And he sent me here to sing this song to you

So Hail, oh hail, you fighter pilots
Fill your glasses full of brew
And we'll have another glass
To the latest horses ass
In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue

THE FORMATION

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he
He used three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi
Here's to health to the leaders two wingman, to the gunner within his turrelle
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, we'll fly reviews in hell!

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got sixpence, joll' joll' six-pence
I've got sixpence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to send home to my wifes, poor wife
And tuppence to send home to m wife, poor wife

No cares have I to grieve me
No prett' little girls to deceive me
I'm happ as a lark believe me
As we go rölling rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay
As we go rolling rolling home

PASDE CALAIS

Now you can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calis
But don't send me over the Ruhr
Send me to Paris or a target in France
Any old place that * I might have a chance
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Ruhr

You may think I'm wack /
But I'm only slightly flaky
Don't send me over the Ruhr
Now the alert's on the phone
And the target's Cologne
My God, thats on the edge of the Ruhr

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town
Any place you can see through the Flak to the ground
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Ruhr
For even when I'm starting
I'm planning on aborting
Don't send me over the Ruhr

ODE TO THE B-29

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR
We are for little fans who have gone astray, " " "
One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right
" George is flying with all of his might, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR.....

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89, you must be dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time?

Chorus: Will you go boom today, will you go boom today
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly an 86, you must reall get your kicks
Bouncing the all waather boys, playing with their radar toys

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
For your lot we do not pine, it's better than an 89

If you fly a tunder-jet, you will reall have no sweat
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground

TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

Too long at Itazuke
Look just like a little gook
Eyes that slant, nose that's flat
Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"
Me work in rice-patt,
Go Geisha house and drink saki
Me jo-jo Number one Japanese boy-san

SONG OF THE EIGHTEEN 'EM (Dune -Wreck of Old 97)

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-jang
And the mountains are high and wide
If my engine quits, you can write off a mustang
Cause I'm fixin to go over the side

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission
And the chinks started throwing up flak
He said, "Run em up boys, and we'll clean out our engines
And the chinks are on the last one to get back."

Close support is a damn fine sortée
Cause you work so close to the troops
You get hit twelve times by a 20 or a 40
And your engine coughs sputters and poops

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow
And the chinks start blowing away
And a copter comes along and picks up your elbow
Registration boys will find the rest some day

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission
And guess I'm here to stay
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition
Or catch the clap in old Sante Fe.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok
Whenever the red trucks go
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some tough bouts
But there is one thing I know
The red balls will get you, they're worrisome things
That lead you to sing, the flak in the night

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling
Dentist, oh dentist, oh bromide, oh bromide
Oh snowflake, oh give me a stzer oh give me a fix
I'm lost in the night

THE INVADER

Oh the Invader is a very fine airplane
Constructed of steel and tin
It will do over three hundred level
The plane with the tailwind built in
Oh, why did I join the Air Force
Mother, dear Mother knew best
For here I lie in the wreckage
Invader all over my chest

THE FIGHTING 68th (Tune-MacNamaras Band)

We're here to tell a story of squadron 68
Came over from Ashia to join the fighting eighth
There sitting here before us, tapping up the brew
They don't belong in a fighter group, but what can Chitty do

Chorus: La da da da, What can he do
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " "

Oh they don't belong in a fighter group
But what can Chitty do

They fly their old night fighters, they take off after dark
They don't know where they're going, they're just up for a lark
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few
We often hear night fighters saying, "Moonshine, is that you?"
"Moonshine, this is feminine, this is Feminine I say
Won't you tell those nasty Shooting Stars to land they're in our way."

RAIL GUNNERS

(Tune-Cold Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my ass apart
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold cold heart

MY DARLING 39

(Tune-My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of the Cobra
Trying hard to reach the line
But alas my engine faltered
Fare thee well my 39

Chorus: Oh my darling, Oh my darling
Oh my darling 39
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well my 39

When your spinning very flatly
And you've got a worried mind
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack
Bid farewell to your 39

All the brass hats in our congress
They have signed the dotted line
They are lucky they just bought it
They don't fly the 39

MOVIN ON

When you hear the patter of tiny feet, it's the 49th in full retreat
They're movin on, they'll soon be gone
They've pushed around just long enough, they're movin on

Hear the pitter-patter of the little feet, it's the first marines in full retreat
They're movin on, they're movin on
They're burning gas they're hauling ass, they're movin on

Hey GI you pissed off at me, What's the matter you got no VD
I'm movin on, I'll soon be gone
Honey bucket turned over in the middle of the road, I'm movin on

Mama-san movin down the track, with a GI baby strapped on her back
She's movin on, she'll soon be gone
If she catches GI Papa-san, he'll be movin on

(Cont next page)

MOVIN ON (Can't)

Oh here come the Commies runnin down the pass
Playin the burp gun on a gyrene's ass
He's movin on, hes movin on
You've been flying too high for this little ole guy
So I'm movin on

The ole hound dog was feelin fine, till he jumped in a barrel of turpentine
He's movin on, he's movin on
He crashed the gat like a P-38, but he's movin on

The old tom cat was feelin mean, till he caught his tail in a sewin machine
He missed a stitch when he hit the ditch, but he's movin on

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My Mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus: Rolls in, rolling in my god how the money rolls in rolls in
Rolls in, rolling in " " " " " " " " " "

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for hi,
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition I'm in

Chorus 2: Sin, sin, sin, sin my God the condition I'm in I'm in
" " " " " " " " " " HOW the money rolls in.

My father he died in his bathtub
My Mother she died of her gin
My sister she married my brother
My God what a messs I,m in

RING DANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo , pray what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang doo

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hicky-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens more
Pack your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and the jockey itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in achol
Now all you bums and hobo's too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city Hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

OLD GRAY BUSTLE
(Tune-Old Gray Boulet)

Put on your old gray bustle and get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent's comin' due
Put your ass in clover l t the boy; look it over
If you can't get five take too

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your anties
Saf we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now there's no use duckin' cause you're gonna get a "ucken"

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit force it
For the fleet is coming in today
As the bees make honey let your ass make money
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment the crabs dissapointment
And we'll kill those bastards where they lay
Though it scratches and it itches it will kill those sons of bitches
In the good old fashioned way

MARCH RIDERS IN THE SKY
(Tune-Lost Riders In the Sky)

An 86 got airborne on a dark and windy day
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray
Keep all those buckets in th wheel and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground

Chorus: Yippi-i-o, yippi-a-as
March riders in the sky

Those pugin friends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean
And all know we've been famous since 1917
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same
Those pukin' pups make history, Oh bless that famous name

As our 86's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame
The pilots they all go through hell, but fly on just the same
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flyin high
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high
They cuss and cry, "Live or die," MARCH RIDERS IN THE SKY

THE THING

I've flown around for many a year, from Berlin to Taegu
But never a thing I saw like the thing, cruising along the Yalu
I was tooling up and down one day, with nary a thought on my mind
When suddenly was this???, right up my behind
When suddenly was this???, right up my behind

I dropped my tanks and broke to the right, called help to my wingman
He took one look at the???, and he turned around and ran
And then I called on another gvy, known as Maple Red
But when he saw that???, he ducked his nose and fled
But when he saw that???, he ducked his nose and fled

And then there was this other bird, who yelled get altitude
There may be more of those???, and I've lost my fortitude
Then finally came this swetp-wing thing, one of the famous fourth
He said I'll get that???, his fifties spattered forth
He said I'll get that???, his fifties spattered forth

And then I looked around again, and much to my surprise
Isaw him clobber the???, right before my eyes
The MIG blew up went down in flames, his comrades followed suit
Because of the guy in the???, who knew just when to shoot
Because of the guy in the???, who knew just when to shoot

Now all you jockeys of eighty-fours, here's my advice to you
Never go cruising up and down, north of Sinanju
Unless you've got the Famous Fourth, hovering over you
Cause they'll take care of the???, they know just what to do
Cause they'll take care of the???, they know just what to do

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

Not a soul down on the corner
It's a pretty certain sign
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

All the boys are singing love songs
They've forgot Sweet Adeling
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

There goes Jack, there goes Jill
Down through lovers lane
Now and then, we meet again
But they don't seem the same

Gee I get that lonesome feeling
When I hear those church bells chime
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine

DOODLE-DE-DOO

Please sing to me that sweet melody
Called Doodle-de-doo, doodle-de-doo
I like the rest but the part I like best
I doodle-de-doo, doodle-de-doo
Simplest thing, there isn't much to it
All you got to do is doodle-de-doo it
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-de-doodle- de-doo

Two little lovers, under the covers
What'll they do, doodle-de-doo
I would suggest that they should undress
And doodle-de-doo, doodle-de-doo
Cherries are red, ready for picking
I'm sixteen and I'm ready for highschool
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-de-doodle-de-doo

Please do to me what you did to Marie
Last Saturday night, Saturday night
It must have been real, cause I heard Marie squeal
Last Saturday night, Saturday night
Don't know what, what you were doin
Somebody said you were doodle-de-dooin
I love it so, wherever I go
I doodle-de-doodle-de-doo

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show
Called doodle-de-doo, doodle-de-doo
She made a hit just playing her bit
In doodle-de-doo, doodle-de-doo
Twenty four hours, that's all there was to it
How in the world did she doodle-de-doo it
Got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice
But doodle-de-doodle-de-doo

BALL OF YARN

Twas a sunny day in June, all the flowers were in bloom
The birds were singing gaily on the farm
When I spied a maiden fair, and I said unto her there
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me
But follow me out behind the barn
There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook
Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn

Now young man take my advice, never stay out late at night
And you'll never lose your cherry or your charm
Be like the bluebird and the robin, keep your little P from bobbin
And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost em

Chorus: That was a very fine song
Sing us another one
Just like the other one
Sing us another one, do

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid air

There was a young queer from Khartuom
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right
To do what, with which, and to whom

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of its waight, plus his penis, plus eight
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire
Font page, sports section, and all

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it

There was once a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played stormy weather
And lightening shot out of his ass

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (Cont)

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played God Save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother
And ate up his sisters miscarriage

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as she handed him his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels
and deposited the mess on her breast

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth
There were only two balls and he had em

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save

There once was a girl name Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a fallice
They found her vagina in South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by Chance
The engineer fucked her, and sed the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away

There once was a girl name Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braile

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street would not eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, He's also a lick
And considerably thicker than you

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
He said Pax Vo Biscum, I can't make the piss come
I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck
Thick proved that the turtle was fertile

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine and sheep are divine
But llamas are number one

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one

There was a man from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted this measure
But for the cheese he found underneath

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as was the belief
But purely from Protestant malice

There was a young bishop from Birminshar
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down their skirts
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Samson

In the hills of West Virginia, lives a girl named Nancy Brown
Ain't never seen such beauty, in city or in town

Now Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon
And when they reached the summit, it was very very soon

Oh, she came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain
Rollin down the mountain by the dam
And in spite of all his urgin, she remained the local virgin
And is just as pure as West Virginia ham

Now along came a trapper, Henderson by name
He took our little Nancy, and the story's just the same

She came rollin down the mountain, rollin down the mountain
Rollin down the mountain by the shack
And in spite of all his urgin, she remained the local virgin
And is just as pure as Pappy's applejack

But along came a slicker, with his hundred dollar bills
He took our little Nancy a way up in the hills

And then she stayed up in the mountains, stayed up in the mountains
Stayed up in the mountains all that night
She came home next morning early, more a woman than a girlie
And her Pappy kicked the hussy out of sight

Now she's living in the city, livin in the city
Oh she's livin in the city mighty swell
She's done away with pots and kittles, and she's eatin fancy vittles
And those West Virginia hills can go to hell

But along came depression, took slicker by the pants
He had to sell his Packard, had to give up little Nancee

So now she's back in West Virginia, back in West Virginia
Back in West Virginia as of yore
And the Deacon and the trapper, geth that thing that they were after
And she's known as that West Virginia LADY

PISS ON THE

Let's all go down and piss on the
Piss on the , piss on the
Let's all go down and piss on the
Till they float away
Till they float away
Till they float away
Let's all go down and piss on the
Piss on the , piss on the
Let's all go down and piss on the
Till they float away

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town
When I got to Picadilly, the sun was going down
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black a pitch
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a wicca

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, from Picadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day
With Lilly, my blackout queen

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette
But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy are you lonesome are you blue
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid
She said, okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxum charms
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice
Why what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price

FALSIES IN BRASSEIRES

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater
Though she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

So round---so firm---and so fully packed
You'll find it's really just an act
Give a girl a Bally bra and she will grow---grow---grow

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

So fellows 'fore you wed her, please investigate her sweater
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brasseires

Chorus: Oh, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham
And her love for the human race
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle
And every label bears her face

Now Mrs Murphy has husband trouble, she didn't like to fiddle-de-dee
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to tie her to a tree

Now Mrs Murphy had baby trouble, she could not have a baby dear
But she took a bottle of compound, now she had them twice a year

Now Mrs Murphy had titty trouble, to feed her baby, she knew not how
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to milk her like a cow

Now Mrs Murphy had kidney trouble, in the morning she could not pee
But after taking a bottle of compound, they had to pipe her out to sea

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

Twas on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampant penis

Chorus: Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging

The Captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God he was a gorgon
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy

The Midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper

The Captain's wife was Mable, when ever she was able
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed the eels had found her sexual quarter

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation

OLD GREEN RIVER

I was floating down that old Green River
On the good ship rock and rye
But I floated too far
Got stuck on a bar

Out there alone, wishing that I were home
The ship went down with the captain and crew
It left me only one thing to do
I had to drink that old Green River dry
To get back home to you

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no mercy bestow
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know

THE WOODPECKER

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said god bless your soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the wood pecker said god bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole
The woodpecker said God bless my soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole
The woodpecker said God bless my soul
In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
and I were a whale I would teach them emotion

Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man on the moon

Oh if all little girls were like bells in the tower
and I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh if all little girls were like fish in a river
and I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
and I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh if all little girls were like little white rabbits
and I were a hare I could teach them bad habits

Oh if all little girls were like little red vixens
and I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far

Oh if all little girls were like cows in the clover
and I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh if all little girls were like little white flowers
and I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh if all little girls were like little old turtles
and I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh if all little girls were like little white chickens
and I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
and I were her G--string oh boy what I'd see

Oh if all little girls were like nurses who would
and I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
and I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh if I wish that all little girls were like fish in a pond
and I were a crap with a waterproof tool

OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER

Oh it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps
Oh it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the US Air, US Air Force

CHORUS: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me

Whiskey-that makes you feel so friskey
Gin-that makes you want to sin
Vodka-that makes you feel you oughta
Sauterne-that makes your belly burn
Vermouth-that makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon-that makes you feel like chirpin'
Wine-that makes you feel so fine
Rum-that makes you feel so dumb
Rye-that makes you feel so sly
Brandy-that makes you feel so dandy
Likker-that makes you ever slicker
Sherry-that makes you feel so hairy

THE B-36

The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet. The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet
The B-36 flies at 40,000 feet
But it only carries one little teensie weensie bomb
Tons and tons of ammunition, tons and tons of ammunition,
Tons and tons of ammunition
But it only carries one little teensie weensie bomb

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw
The prettiest girl I ever saw
Was sipping bourbon through a straw

And now and then the straw would slip
And I'd sip bourbon through her lips

And now I've got a mother-in-law
From sipping bourbon through a straw

The moral of this story's clear
Don't sip a bourbon, sip a beer

KIMPO SONATA

Oh I was sent to Nellis, I was sent to train
I learned how to bomb and strafe from an aeroplane
Oh I was sent to Kimpo, to be a killer too
But all I git is a bunch of shit from you and you and you

I knew a fighter pilot, no smile upon his face
and many's the time I heard him say
I HATE THIS FUCKING PLACE

ON THE 335TH IS A VERY FINE SQUADRON (Time Old 97)

On the 335th is a very fine squadron
Their pilots are all true blue
But they bring back drawers that smell like dogshit
From the dogfights at Cold Sinanju

ODE TO THE JOC DUTY OFFICER

You ought to be dead you old bastard
You ought to be damned well shot
You ought to be tied to the door of a shit house
And left there to damned well rot

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours
I've stuck it as long as I could
I've stuck it and stuck it, so now I say fuck it
My ass hole's not made out of wood.

FORESKIN FUGITIVES

Eyes right, assholes tight, foreskins to the front
We're the boys who make no noise, we're always chasing cunt
We are the fliers of the night, we'd rather fuck than fight
We are the foreskin fugitives

ICE ON THE RICE

When the ice is on the rice in old Tsuiki
And the saki in the cellar starts to freeze
When you turn to her and say, "My darling dozo"
Then you're turning just a skoshi Nipponese

THE BAS AND KING OF ENGLAND

Oh minstrels sing of a mighty king
Who many long years ago
Ruled his land with an iron hand
But his mind was weak and low

His only under clothing was
A filthy undershirt
It was long enough to hide his hide
But never to hide the dirt

He loved to hunt the royal stag
Within the royal wood
But the sport he loved the best of all
Was pullin' his royal pud

Wild and wooly and full of fleas
His terrible tool hung down to his knees
God save the bastard king of England

Now the queen of Spain was a sprightly dame
And an amorous dame was she
And she loved to fool with the royal tool
From far across the sea

So she sent a special message
By a special messenger
And asked the royal bastardship
To spend the night with her

When Phillip of France heard this
He surmused his royal court
Said she prefers my rival
Just because my tool is short

So he sent the Duke of Slip and Slap
To give the queen a dose of clap
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

When news of this foul deed
Did reach fair England's halls
The King he swore by the shirt he wore
He'd have old Phillip's balls

So he offered a night with the sweet Hortense
To the man who'd nut the king of France
And thus avenge the bastard king of England

Up spoke the duke of Suffolk
He took himself to France
Declared himself a flutter
The King took down his pants
He dropped a thong around his dong
Jumped on his horse and galloped along
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

CONT'D

Now Phillip assumed a royal stance
And groveled on the floor
For during the ride his royal pride
Had stretched ayard or more

And all the girls in England
Came down to London town
And shouted round the castle
To hell with England's crown

So Phillip assumed the throne
His sceptes was the royal bone
With which he downed the bastard king of England

ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Ass holes are cheap today
Cheaper than yesterday
Little boys cost half a crown
Standing up or lying down
Larger boys cost seven and six
Cause they take bigger pricks
Ass holes are cheap
Are cheap today

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction
Full of brandy and wine
The topic of conversation was
Your cunts no bigger than mine

CHORUS: Roly poly tickle my holey
Slippery slimy slus
Rattle your nuts across my guts
I'm one of the whorey crew

The first old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the air
The birds fly in and the birds fly out
And never touch a hair

The second old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the moon
A man went in in January
And didn't come out til June

The third old whore got up and said
Can you're all talking balls
Cause when I have my periods
It's like Niagara Falls

SALOME

Down our street, we had a merry party
Everybody there was on so gay and hearty
Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat
In the boozier down the street

There was old Uncle Joe, fair fucked up
He locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup
Little sonny Jim, tried to get it in
With his ass hole winking at the moon

Oh Salome, Salome
You should see Salome
Standing there, with her ass all bare
Waiting for someone to slide it in there
To slide it, and glide it
Right up her fucking chute
Two brass balls and a prick of steel
And a foreskin, full of shit

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me
Hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree
She can jump fight fuck
Wheel a barrow push a truck
That's my girl Salome

On Monday night, she takes it up the back
On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack
On Wednesday night, she has a spell
On Thursday night, she fucks like hell
On Friday night, she takes it up her nose
In between her fingers and down between her toes
On Saturday night, she dishes out gems
And she goes to church on Sunday
She just wants me for a sunbeam
And a fucking fine sunbeam I'll be

GOING HOME

(Out on the Texas Plains)

I'm gonna head my ship into the wide blue sea
With my rose into the West
I'm gonna find a gal that was made for me
I'm gonna give her all my best

I'm gonna head my ship toward that old West Coast
Round Long Beach and L.A.
And when we all get home we will drink a toast
To those long forgotten days

I'm gonna head my ship toward that old West coast
Toward that setting sun
And when that good old coast line looms into sight
My work has just begun

CONTD

I'm gonna find a gal that just don't give a damn
I'm gonna love her night and day
And if she says no no I'm gonna twist her arm
Cause I'm gonna get my way

I'm gonna drink myself into a total wreck
I'm gonna love until I die
I got a pilot's mind and a flyer's rep
I couldn't be good if I tried

So won't you just relax
For there is one more verse of the things I'm gonna do
I know that times are bad, but they could be worse
So here's my parting word to you

I'll ne'er forget this war until the day I die
Cause it's changed my life's flight plan
And when my days are o'er and my time draws nigh
I'm gonna die drunk if I can

RIO RIO RIO

CHORUS: Rio, Rio, Rio, Rio, Jesus Christ how I feel
Fresh from a whore house, prick full of steel

Laid her in her father's hall
Spread her ass from hall to hall
Shoved it up into her gall
With my old organ grinder

Fucked her in her father's bed
Shoved it up into her head
Fucked that girl till she was dead
With my old organ grinder

Followed her to the burial ground
Just to go another round
Fucked her as they lowered her down
With my old organ grinder

Some folks say I am a knave
Say that I do not behave
Cause I jacked off on her grave
With my old organ grinder

OH MY GOD

Oh My God, we've all done wrong
We've all been drunk for so God Damn long
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes
Let the old man say what he God Damn pleases
We're JUST a bunch of shitsters, a bunch of booze histers
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

IN FLIGHT COUNSELING

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me

Oh we took off from George, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
And finally got to that point far from land
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand
But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there
Nothing around, but ocean and air
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas
The pain was beginning to leave my ass
'Twas beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch
We just latched on to, that son of a bitch
What he, called the scanner, "It's under your wing
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"
Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more
But I couldn't hit that dirty old whore
I looked at my gas guage and it was down low
I backed off again and tried it real slow

So I tried it real slowboys, but that didn't work
So I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow
As I looked at the cold water down there below

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose
The engineer said, Sir, you're taking on fuel
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool

I called that damn scanner, said, Turn on the gas
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin
You know there are days sir, when you just can't win

CONT'D

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say
That old F-100, lies out in the bay
But I'll have my vengeance you can bet your life
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife

I LOVE OLD WING OPS AND FLYING SAFETY
(Dear Hearts and Gentle People)

I love old wing ops, and flying safety
They're nothing but hot air
But if you bust one, and hit the barrier
You know damn well that they'll be there

I read my dash one, from dawn til sunset
But it don't go so well
For when the board meets, and I go up there
I know there going to give me hell

I feel so helpless, each time I try to fly
For I know they'll watch each move I make
And so it's Wing Ops and Flying Safety
Watching every rule I break

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapors
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

BUDDY

BUDDY, BUDDY, have a good time
Stay in bed till half past nine
Drink your drink and flub your dub
86th Fighter Country Club

LEE'S HOOCHIE
(On Top of old Smokey)

I went to Seoul City, and met a Miss Lee
She said for a short time, oh come sleep with me
We went to Lee's hoochie, a room with hot floors
I left my shoes outside, and slid shut the door

She took off her long johns, and rolled out the pad
I gave her ten thousand, 'twas all that I had
Her breath smells of kimchie, her bosoms were flat
No hair on her pussy, now what about that

I asked to go benjo, she led me outside
I reached for old smokey, he crawled back inside
I rushed to the medics, cried what shall I do
The doc was dumfounded, old smokey was blue

Now when you're in Seoul City, on your next three-day pass
Don't go to Lee's hoochie, sit flat on your ass
'Now your ass may get blistered, and Lee may tempt you
But better the red ass, than old smokey blue

COCAINE SUE

Oh morphine Bill and Cocaine Sue
'Truckin' down the avenue

CHORUS: Oh honey have a sniff, have a sniff on me
Oh honey have a sniff on me

Now right on Broadway, left on main
To get a shot of old cocaine

Now in that drugstore hung a sign
We ain't got no more morphine

In a graveyard by his side
Lie the remains of his cocaine bride

Now the moral of this story just goes to show
There ain't no fun in sniffin' snow

HONEY

Oh Honey, Honey, bless your heart
Cause you're the honey that I love so well
My heart beats true, sweetheart for you
Cause you're the honey that I love so well

THE COED AND THE CADET

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I declare
Down by the gate, they didn't know that I was there
On the Coed she was bashful and the Cadet he was shy
He asked her if he could and this was her reply

You can do it if you wanna
But you'd better do it right
You'd better not do it
Like you did the other night
Cause if you do, I'm telling you
I'll never let you do it again
I really mean it
I'll never let you kiss me again

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail
Is like a boat without a rudder
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman
Is like a shipwreck on the sand
But if there's one thing worse in the universe
It's a woman, I said a woman
I mean a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar
Cross the bar room floor
And it will roll, because it's round
And a woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until she turns him down

So honey listen, now honey listen to me
I want you to understand
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
While a woman goes from man to man

RED SCARFS

Now the 12th fighter squadron they don't show me much
While the Red Scarfs fly
Their technique is bad and their bombing is sad
While the Red Scarfs fly

Their guns are corroded, their pilots are loaded
Their cockpits are covered with dust
They fly for awhile, but they ain't got no style
While the Red Scarfs fly

THE CHEETAS

Oh it is easy to see it's not the roosters
For the roosters only crow
And it is easy to see it's not the cobras
For the cobra never put on such a wonderful show
Oh it is easy to see it's not the foxes
For the foxes are too few
Oh it's easy to see, who else could it be
But the Cheetas, every time

DO YOU KEEN MY SISTER TILLY

Do you keen my sister Tilly
She's a whore on Piccadilly
And my mother is the same upon the strand
And my father sells his ass hole
At the Elephant and Castle
We're the finest whoring family in the land

When you wake up in the morning
With your hands upon your knees
And the shadow of your penis on the wall
And the hair a growing thick
Between your ass hole and your prick
And the rats are playing snooker with your balls

MUSTANG'S RUN BY MERLIN

Mustang's run by Merlin, and Merlin's run by me
I am run by Sq. CO, and he can climb a tree
Oh we'll all hang old Sq. CO, to the top of a pole
And we'll all be home by Christmas
In a pig's ass hole
Sq. CO, is run by WG.CO, and Wg. CO, run by AD CO
AD CO run by AF CO, and AF CO knows where he can go
Oh we'll all be home by Christmas
In a pig's ass hole

THE CANDLE SONG

All the nice girls love a candle
Cause a candle has a wick
And there's something about a candle
That reminds them of a prick
Nice and greasy, slips in easy
It's maiden's pride and joy
You can hear them sing and shout
As they pop it in and out
Ship Ahoy, Ship Ahoy.

ARIGATO FOR THE MEMORIES

Arigato for the memories
Of train wrecks on the line
Of ginza marts and honey carts
Arigato, so much

Arigato for the memories
Of steaks we couldn't eat
Old left over meat
Of powdered milk and girls in silk
Kimono's on the street
Arigato, so much

Few are the times we've feasted
And many's the time we've feasted
And R & R were swell while they lasted
We did have fun, and no harm done

So Arigato for the memories
Of special allied cars
All the different bars
Of whiskey cokes and dirty jokes
And undeserved D.R.'s
Arigato, so much

Arigato for the memories
Of dead fis' on the shore
Rats behind the door
The samakura Buha and brocades that we all wore
Arigato so much

We say hello with martinis
We'll say sayonara with saki
The Japs won't forget all the khaki
Honshu' not the same, but we're glad we came
Arigato so much

Arigato for the memories
Of lanterns after dark
Ricksaws in the park
The funny names, the baseball games
So Arigato, so much

At the harbor on the morning
 Near the willow trees
 Saw and piped the song they sang
 singing Auralice

Auralice Auralice, Maid with the golden hair
 Sunshine came along with thee
 and shadows in your hair

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the ivy twines
 Tell me why the stars do shine
 Tell me why the ocean's blue
 I'll tell you why it's because I love you

Because God made the ivy twine
 Because God made the stars to shine
 Because God made the oceans blue
 Because God made you, is why I love you

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our fucking Sabres at 10,000 fucking feet.
 We fly our fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying South
 We're flying fucking North
 And we make our fucking landfall on the fifth of fucking North

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Halleluia, Glory, Glory, Halleluia
 " " " (Insert last line of each verse)

We fly those fucking Sabres at fuck all 1,000 feet.
 We fly those fucking Sabres through the trees, and corn and wheat
 We fly with fucking luck
 But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking Sabres at 10,000 fucking feet
 We fly those fucking Sabres through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying up
 We're flying fucking fucking down
 And we put our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground

SPANISH GUITAR

On the first port of call it was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em, made 'em

CHORUS: Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink
Singing hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways
Swish-swish
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
Shit-bang, fuck-stick
Three dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar plink, plink, plink

On the next port of call it was Boston, Boston
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we forced 'em, forced 'em

On the next port of call it was Malta, Malta
Where the girls wouldn't, but oughta, oughta

On the next port of call it was Suwon, Suwon
Where the girls they would do it for two won, two won

IN THE TALL GRASS

In the tall tall grass
Young Mary lay a sleeping
When out of the tall grass
A pilot came a creeping
With his long dingle dangle dingle
Right down to his knee

Three months have gone by
Young Mary she grew bolder
She wished that the pilot
Would come and do it over
With his long dangle dingle dangle

Six months have gone by
And Mary she grew fatter
The neighbors did wonder
Just who had been at her
With his long dingle dangle dingle

Nine months have gone by
And Mary burst asunder
And out jumped a pilot
With his 67th number
With his skis he dangle dingle dangle
Right down to his knee

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

The maid of the mountain
She pisses like a little fountain
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

One black one, one white one
And one with a little shit on
Cause the hairson her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

There's a red one, there's a cherry one
There's one with a dingle-berry on
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

I've been there, I've seen it
I've been right between it
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

I've smelt it, I've felt it
And it feels just like velvet
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

I've tangled, I've dangled
I've fucking near got strangled
Cause the hairs on her dickie-di-doo
Hang down to her knees

BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

There was a man, he was no good
He took a girlie in the wood
He flies mustangs
Then he took off all her clothes
And her shoes, and her hose
He flies a mustang
He took her where nobody else could find her
Took a string and tied her hands behind her
Walked away and began to sing
Began to sing, ting-a-ling
Mustangs, I fly

SEPESQU

Oh I loved her and I kissed her in the moon light
And the moon shone bright all day
Oh I loved her and I kissed her in the moonlight
And the moon shone bright all day
Gol darn that moon

GLORIOUS

Now the first thing they prayed for
They prayed for their king
Glorious, glorious, glorious king
If he have one son, may he also have ten
May he have a fuckin' army, cried the airmen Amen.

CHORUS: Now the Squadron Leader and the Wing Commander
And the Group Captain too
hands in their pockets with fuck all to do
Robbing the pay of the poor Acey Due
May the lord shit you sideways
Cried the airmen fuck you

Now the next thing they prayed for
They prayed for their Queen
Glorious, glorious glorious queen
If she have one daughter, may she also have ten
May she have a fuckin' harem, cried the Airmen Amen

Now the next thing they prayed for
They prayed for their beer
Glorious, glorious, glorious beer
If we have one beer, may we also have ten
May we have a fuckin' brewery, cried the airmen Amen.

DRUNK

Drunk last night, drunk thenight before
Gonna get drunk tonight, as I've never been drunk before
Cause when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be
Cause I am a member of the Souse family

Now the Souse family if the best family
That ever came over from Old Germany
There's the Highland Dutch, and the Lowland Dutch
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Goddamn Dutch

Singing Glorious, Glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Glory be to God that there are no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone, damn near
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk----the lucky stiff

HARRIGAN

H--A, double R--I, GAN spells Harrigan
Sure I'm proud of all the Irish that's in me
And a devil a man can say a word again' me
H--A, double R--I, G A N you see
That's a name to which no shame has ever
been connected with, Harrigan, that's me

KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the canteen early, it was shortly after nine
And by a stroke of fortune, her room was next to mine
Like any brave "Columbo" with regions to explore
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door

Chorus:

Oh, the keyhole in the door, oh, the keyhole in the door
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

She crossed over to the fireplace her lovely figure to warm
With only a silken nighty to hide her georgeous from
I prayed that she would take it off, just that and nothing more,
By God, I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

Now after many a pounding upon that paneled door
And after many a pleading, I crossed that threshold floor
So noone would over see what I had seen before
I hung her silken nighty over the keyhole in the door.

That night I slept in clover and other things besides
And on that snow white bosom I had a wonderful time
I awoke next morning early, my back it was sore
You'd think I'd been crawling through the keyhole in the door

Now listen all you astronomers who think you are so wise
Who gaze into your telescopes into the starry skies
One thing I have to tell you, one thing and nothing more
Your telescopes are bug aroo ed to the keyhole in the door.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Mawwys
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well,
Shall I wasting and Mavourneed and the rest
We will serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last
And in padding be forgotten with the rest
We are poor little lambs who have lost our way
Baa Baa Baa
We are little black sheep who have gone astray
Baa Baa Baa
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Damned from here to eternity
God have mercy on such as we
Baa Baa Baa

LAST NIGHT

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate
It felt so good I knew it would
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat
It felt so nice I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes
It feels so grand, I use my hand
You must really catch me on the long strokes
It feels so neat, I use my feet

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand,
But for all around enjoyment, I prefer to use my hand

SIXTEEN TIMES

Some people say a man is made out of fear
But a fighter pilot is made out of whiskey and beer
Whiskey and beer, rum and wine,
If you fly the dot you're to spin in

Chorus:

You fly sixteen times, what do you get
Another day older and you weapon is bent
Col Crawford don't you call me, I'm weak and lame
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine
Got my chute and went down to the line
Down the line to fly the D
But it was raining so hard I couldn't see

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye
I'd had my fill of overholt Rye
Shot sixteen holes in a T-33
They're gonna hang my ass from a coconut tree

When you see me coming, better break to the right
Cause the pilots had a party last night
My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,
Believe me buster, you better clear the air

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more
A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt, she said, and felt her I did
I did, but I don't anymore.

Cake-Layer
Lamp-Floor
Birds-Love

Glue-Paste
Cream-Massage
Gimle-Rubber

Food-Pet
Razoi-Injector
Scarf-Neck

IT'S TRAGIC

You smile, you teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut
It's tragic
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair
It's tragic
It takes one look to know you have no charms
Your'e just a bag of bones with long surrounding arms
Your eyes are big and round
There's one that's blue and one that's brown
It's tragic
You part your hair in place
And it keeps sliding down your face
It's tragic
And as I tell myself
These things that happen are not really true
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you

INTO THE AIR 69ER's

Into the air 69ers
Into the air upside down
Into the air 69ers
See your sights and let's go down, we'll all go down
And when we see those bastard Commies
And we make them shit a pound
You can bet those 69ers
Are all going down

Into the air 69ers
Onto your back soixante-neuf
We'll blast those MEG's, 69ers
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof
And when You see those, golf balls flyin
And the flack begins to blast
You can bet the 69ers
Will biteem in the ass

HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great renown
There was a pilot of great renown
There was a pilot of great renown
Until he fucked a girl from our town
Fucked a girl from our town
Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho Horse shit

He laid her in a feather bed
He laid her in a feather bed, He laid her in a feather bed
And then he twisted out her maidenhead
Twisted out her maidenhead
Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho Horseshit

He laid her on a winding stair
He laid her on a winding stair
He laid her on a winding stair
And he shoved it in clear up to there
Shoved it in clear up to there
Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho Horse shit

He laid her down beside a stump
He laid her down beside a stump
He laid her down beside a stump
And then he missed her cunt and split the stump
Missed her cunt and split a stump
Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho Horse shit

He laid her down beside a pond
He laid her down beside a pond, He laid her down beside a pond
And he fucked her with his magic wand
Fucked her with his magic wand
Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho Horse shit

He laid her on the dewey grass
He laid her on the dewey grass
He laid her on the dewey grass
And then he shoved the old boy up her ass
Shoved the old boy up her ass
Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho horse shit

He took her to the country side
He took her to the countryside
He took her to the countryside
And then he fucked the girl until she died
Fucked the girl until she died
Ha Ha Ha HO HO Ho Horse shit

He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
He took her to the burial ground
And then he thought he'd have another round
Thought he'd have another round
Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho
Horse shit
Horse shit

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro
Can you tie them in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow
Can you throw them over your shoulder like a European soldier
Do your ballshang low

In days of old when knights were bold
They shit right in their britches
They wiped their ass with broken glass
Those tough old sons of bitches

In the days of old when knights were bold
and women were mere trifles
They hung their balls upon the walls
And shot them down with rifles

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't particular
They binded them up against the wall
And fucked them perpendicular

In days of old when knights were bold
They wore all leather britches
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks
And yelled like sons of bitches

VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin
That's why caviar is my dish

Shad roe comes from a scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a very sad fate
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate

Oysters they are fishy bivalves
They have youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do so what the hell

The green sea turtles mate ishappy
With her lover's winning ways
First he grips her with his flipper
Then he flips and grips for days

Mrs. Clam is optimistic
Shoots her eggs out in the sea
Hopes her suitor is a shooter
Hits the selfsame spot as she